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the medical missionary

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The Medical Mission Sisters, founded in 1925, by Mother Anna Dengel, M.D., are a religious Congregation, dedicated to the care of the sick in the missions. The Sisters staff hospitals in India, Africa, Pakistan, Indonesia and South America. Motherhouse: 8400 Pine Rd., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Cover — School Children Karachi, Pakistan.

We have seen His star
in the east and
have come with gifts
to adore the Lord

Sr. M. Angelica

CAVALCADE from the desert . . . Three Wise Men . . . From the East . . . Princes or Kings from Arabia and Persia . . . so tradition identifies at least two of them . . . Men of Science, Star-gazers they were, anxiously scanning the signs of the times, but seeking truth. Theirs was not the spirit of the "Sputnik" world of today—spirit of rivalry, destructiveness, and power. In faith and humility, following the light of the Star, these Gentiles had come from the East, seeking the "King of the Jews" . . . *The Expected of Nations* . . . HE WHO WOULD BRING SALVATION TO THE WHOLE WORLD. And having found the "King of the Heavens" they bowed down and adored Him . . . they offered Him gifts,—gold, frankincense and myrrh, typical of the wealth of the East, symbolic of their lives. Faith alone, enabled them to see in the helpless Infant of Bethlehem, lying in a human mother's arms, under a miserable roof, the "Incarnate King of Kings." Thus having sought and found Christ, they became the first messengers of the Gospel to the Gentile world.

Following the light of the Star, which once guided the Wise Men to Christ, today, Medical Mission Sisters travel East to Karachi, the Capital of Moslem Pakisan, so reminiscent of the Arabic civilization from which the Wise Men came. (Indeed, Islam as it moved north passed through Persia, leaving its imprint on the culture and language of the people.) Their journeys take them through the same territory which was once crossed by the

Wise Men. To the worldly-wise, these journeys to foreign lands, seem most fool-hardy. Why should they leave their homes and country to go to find one whom they knew not?

Medical Mission Sisters go East, to serve Christ in suffering humanity. Like the Magi, with the eyes of Faith, they find Him in their patients in Holy Family Hospital, Karachi. Under the guise of a poor sick child, in the arms of his mother, they discern the Christ Child Who said: "I was sick and you cared for Me." In Karachi, the teeming foremost city of West Pakistan, where medical facilities were strained to their utmost because of the tripling of the population after Partition, the Sisters, like Christ the Good Samaritan, opened their "Inn" (hospital) — in His Name, to all needing care. The gifts they bring to Karachi on the edge of the desert, are the gold of their love and devotion to their patients. Their service to them, is service to Him.

Karachi, being a port city, is indeed a meeting place of the nations. A glance at the admission book of Holy Family Hospital, Karachi, shows that, in the first year, the Sisters had patients from thirteen nations—Ceylon, Norway, France, England, Holland, Ireland, Canada, Japan, Tibet, Burma, Afghanistan, as well as Pakistan. Here in the Holy Family Hospital, East meets West under the same friendly roof. Here love and sympathy is a testimony, without words, that there is a God of Love Who cares for all His creatures—that all men of all races of whatever their condition, are brothers in Christ. Here medical and scientific skill is used to help and heal suffering humanity. Here there is laid a basis for mutual understanding beyond all barriers of language, politics, or economic status.

"For the first time in the history of man the working out of a relationship between the great civilizations of the East and the West is a matter of extreme urgency," says Barbara Ward, of the *London Economist,* one of the most influential Christian writers of today. The Western powers realize more and more each day that they can no longer frame national policies of isolation. We are living in a world where peoples of different cultures, backgrounds and traditions, are daily thrown together, and consequently, must find a means of understanding and working together if the world is to survive.

This is something new for the West. One thousand years ago, there was little contact between East and West; for the last five hundred years things have changed—the impact of the West on the East has been to them—almost catastrophic. It was the West that brought the East the revolutionary ideas of constitutional government . . . equality of all individuals, men and women . . . democratic nationalism . . . technical achievements and mass production. But all these advantages can have their destructive side as well—and from these they are still suffering. For the last five hundred years, the West has been dictating to the East; now they are emerging once more as strong powers.

We, of the West, must realize what we have done to the East in the past. Now, we must come to them to serve and to love, rather than to dictate, if we wish to find a common meeting and working ground for the future. Unless we meet them "in Christ" as the Wise Men of old did, and help them to build a new "one world" together, we cannot succeed. For the political and economic unity which the East needs will only prove fruitful when it is solidly built on the foundations of justice and truth.

THE CITY OF CAMELS AND ITS PEOPLE

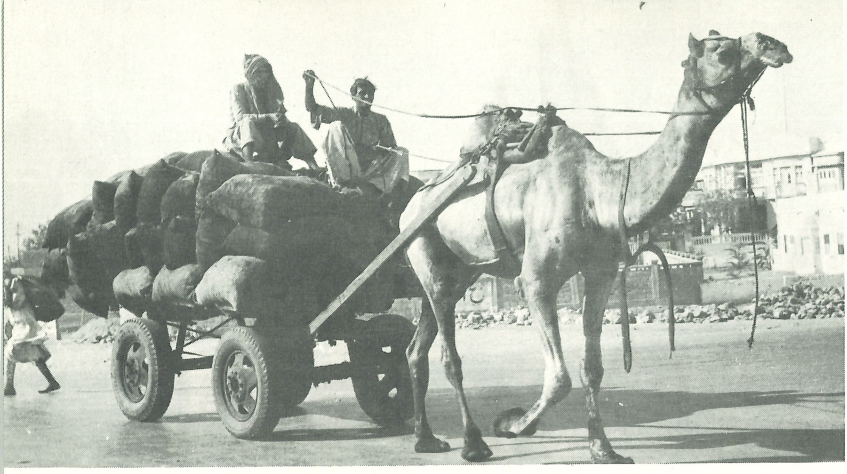
Sr. M. Joanna

KARACHI'S location is unique! Sprawled across the delta of the Indus, the world's oldest river, and wedged in by the Arabian Sea, it spreads inland into the flat, arid desert of Sind where lie vestiges of B.C. culture. Desert heat, ocean moisture, bleaching sun, and dazzling colors, such are the first welcoming signs of the capital of Pakistan. Seen from the air, the city has the freshness of an oasis with its clusters of palm trees swept by the sea breeze. As one enters the booming metropolis, he is simply startled by the glare and glamour of the 20th century, emerging in tall modern buildings and ferro-concrete factories from a framework of civilizations the most ancient on earth.

Camels are everywhere. You see them at the docks or at railway stations taking in the bulk of trade on carts driven by swarthy Afghans. Or on the main streets, behind rattling buses and congested trams, you wonder how a refugee from Punjab can balance himself and his furniture (reduced to a charpoi or stringbed) on a camel hump. This is indeed the land of the camel. And what fun it is for Medical Mission Sisters on a stopover to Karachi, to be taken for a camel ride . . . at the sea shore.

Karachi abounds in conveyances of all kinds and ages. German scooters, Italian Vespas, small Fiats, cycle rickshaws and plain cycles. It is no joke to drive the hospital Austin at 6 o'clock when the traffic pours out a two million population within the cities' twenty mile boundaries. Then, come the donkey carts of biblical description. They have crystal clear bells and carry lightly, the weight and laughters of a huge Kashmiri family squating on a 4′ by 4′ platform. Incongruous above all, is the American jeep packed in the wide-open seat with "veiled ladies", whose faces are hidden in their burkas.

And oh, the richness and variety



Top left:
Wheat flour carried on camel cart.

Top right:
A view of metropolitan Karachi, Pakistan's capital.

Bottom left, page 164:
Modern Metropole Hotel, Karachi.

Bottom left, page 165:
Woman in burka on donkey.

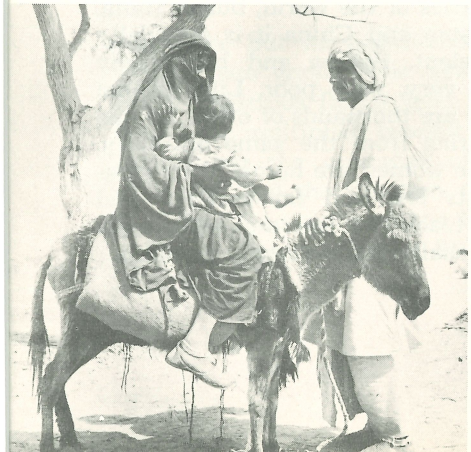
Bottom right, page 165:
Sr. M. Cajetan and Sr. M. Joanna have a talk with a camel and his driver.

of shape, color, sound and smell that one discovers on the streets and bazaars. These never become repetitive or familiar and they never pall. No matter how long you have been in Pakistan, every time you walk out the hospital compound, something impinges violently on your senses. You encounter something new, unexpected. It is the fragrance of jasmin and wysteria creeping over the wall in December. It is the odor of deep fried curried patties and the saffron color of the jellabies that an old Sindhi wallah wheels on a cart. Or the pungent perfume mango drink that a red-fezzed Persian vendor waves under your nose at the fruit stall. It is the piercing black eyes in the pale oval face of a Muslim urchin who with his baggy pants and curly shoes, swings a Woolworth load of combs, bobby pins and lastex on his head. Or the five foot cobra curled indolently around the leg of a snake charmer, hypnotized by a syncopation of Arabian music. It is the starved beggar dying before the show-window of a diamond jeweller.

Perhaps the most fascinating characteristic of Karachi for a foreigner comes from the complex, almost fatal entanglement of East and West he sees and senses everywhere. For example the alert Pakistani business man donned in Western clothes who in a precise Oxford accent, presents himself at our clinic while his wife stands behind, anonymous, hidden under the black burka. How often at the admission desk, I marvelled at the poise and charm of some of those young brides dressed in silk gold-bordered saris, listening to the smattering of American slang of a husband who had studied engineering at North Western University or at M.I.T. Or the tall Musulman religious leader who in a long white tunic girded over

tight trousers, has all the dignity of Jinnah himself with his black karakul hat; he is proud to escort the chic Parisian woman visiting a private room patient. Even the fair Dutchman married to a beautiful Indonesian, leaves me perplexed as I greet his three-year-old daughter whose slanting eyes are full of mischief. She has swallowed a safety pin, or fallen into the pond this time. And the world seems to be almost a merry-go-round as the German technician or the Italian contractor or the Spanish ambassador walk in and out of Holy Family Hospital. They are seeking something beyond the boundaries of countries and nations: Christ's sympathy for the sick.

However, our closest friends are the poor and destitutes who swell the queues of the out-patient department every morning. They are refugees from Punjab or Baluchistan working as sweepers. Their wives are engaged as women coolies, carrying tiny baskets of cement on their heads and mounting like ants the bamboo scaffoldings of the many structures going up around us. It looks like we're having a mass invasion as they walk in the front hall with the whole village following and crowds of children. In loud Urdu brogue, or Sindhi, or Pushtu, they shout their needs and push you for immediate attention. But what a reward when they place a rickety baby in your arms—the trust and hope and faith that brighten their eyes. They know you will have compassion on them. They are convinced that the medicine and the nursing care and the operation will do wonders because "you women of God, are helping us out of love". God must love those people, He made so many of them. Indeed, of such is made the kingdom of God, and right here among us.



SAKINA

Sr. M. Grace, M.D.

SAKINA arrived at Holy Family Hospital, Karachi, on a Sunday, the 9th of December. Her husband Nawaz lifted her out of a gary and carried her across the entrance hall where he placed her on a trolley. "She had not been able to walk for the past two years", he told us. She was bent over and could not straighten her legs and she was pregnant.

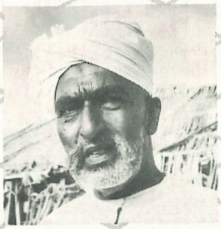
What was wrong with Sakina? Osteomalacia, or adult rickets—the result of marked and prolong defective diet, unsatisfactory housing and lack of sunshine. This seems almost impossible here in Karachi where the sun shines 364 days a year but living in crowded homes with no windows and almost no variety in food except *chappatis* and tea and a little curry, it is not surprising. Only the rich can afford milk and dairy products.

Osteomalacia is a disease that attacks both sexes, but women are affected ten to twelve times more often then men. Pregnant women are especially prone to it, and in them it often progresses rapidly. The onset is usually gradual, the patient complaining of pain in the back and legs and walking becomes difficult and tedious. With each pregnancy locomotion becomes more awkward, the patient's stature becomes less from the sinking of the trunk and childbirth becomes more and more difficult from the narrowing of the bony canal.

Obviously something had to be done immediately for Sakina, to save her life and the child's. She was therefore prepared for a Cesarean operation and her child was born safe and alive within the next half hour. She was given as many vitamins and minerals as she could take in the hope that the disease would be arrested. The day finally came when we got her to walk again with the help of two aides.

The day of Sakina's departure from the hospital was unforgettable. She was dressed in a clean silwar (trousers) and kamiz (blouse) and duputta (veil) for her head, and brought down in the elevator in a chair. On the doorsteps were waiting some twenty of her relatives. Her other four children were there also, and her husband was beaming with pride seeing his Sakina look so well again. Although still bent, and walking with extreme difficulty she took a few steps toward him. He lifted her down the steps and again placed her in a gary and bade us goodbye.

An interesting feature of Osteomalacia is that it is sporadic in most countries of the world, but in India, Pakistan and China it is especially prevalent. Sakina and her family were very, very poor. Like Sakina there are thousands of other women suffering from the same disability. These women are heroic, their complaints few and far between and they teach us a lesson of selflessness that shall always remain indelible.



"AHMAD'S

Sr. M. Cajetan enjoys a donkey ride on a visit to Ahmad's family.

Sr. M. Joanna and the women and children of Ahmad's family.

Sr. M. Karen, R. N.

ABOUT eighteen miles outside the city of Karachi lies the Bay of Bilegi. A lovely little bay jutting in from the Arabian Sea and the site of a small village of fisherfolk who have long been our fast and true friends. There must be about thirty people in the entire village. Perhaps ten or twelve adults, and the remainder children of varying ages.

My first contact with "Ahmad" came only a few days after my arrival in Karachi—he presented himself at my door to welcome the new "bara Sister" with an eight pound fish. I was soon to get used to seeing this friendly face with his big smile and smelly fish periodically at my door. First, comes his patient waiting, then a big smile which turns into a look of concern as he introduces some member of the family with some new "taklif" (trouble or illness). Ahmad always uses a big fish to introduce each new patient, and the members of his family are growing in numbers—wife, children, brothers and cousin-brothers. It's a good thing we like fish, for Ahmad pays his bills in fish!

Ahmad with his family in his fishing boat. Note the fishing nets.

GIHT"

احمد بچھلی والا
عید مبارک

A glimpse into the daily life of Ahmad and his relatives presents a scene that takes one back to the days of Peter the Fisherman as they cast out to sea in their big fishing boats with their heavy nets; or when the day's work is done and they mend the nets by the seashore. By camel they carry the spoils of the day into the local market to eke out a meagre but steady existence. These Sindhi people lead a self contained life preserving their native dances and culture, their wedding feasts, their births, and their deaths, and living rather apart from the rest of the din and noise of the nearby city.

Sadness came into the life of Ahmad and his wife recently when one of his children was brought into the hospital in a critical condition. After a short time the diagnosis was formed that Yacoob was full of flatworms.

This is an important parasite of man in Asia. It is not common in this area but in certain regions of

China it is so prevalent that it is one of the principal causes of illness and results in considerable loss of life there. The disease is transmitted to man via the water snail. The snail implants the ova of the flatworm in the raw-water chestnut plant. Yacoob chewed on the plant and thus became infected with the parasite. We could not save little Yacoob. He was so full of the parasites that a severe anemia resulted and convulsions almost constantly racked his body.

But on many other occasions we have shared the joy of a wedding feasts, the births, and other of the important social events of the family. The very nice thing is that on our own Christian holidays we always know that Ahmad will pay us a visit with the children and the womenfolk decked out in their best clothes, to wish us "Happy Feast". At Christmas time the women and children work for days stringing many flower garlands and streamers for the hospital decorations.

A day or two before, in comes Ahmad and the clan. All the Sisters are then called together, and each must be ceremoniously garlanded by the big friendly fisherman.

As Ahmad and the family move about our midst, they often noticed Sister, kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament. They also have observed that on all big feast days the Chapel is especially decorated and they, too, wanted to contribute. When the Moslem feast of "Id" came this year *we* were presented with a bright red tabernacle cover with the following message written in Urdu script "Ahmad — Macchli walla (fisherman) *Id Mubarak* (happy feast)" —the inscription represented hours of labor for the womenfolk as it was done in tiny silver sequins carefully sewn by hand and carefully hemmed for the rood of the tabernacle. It was our friends way of offering respect to Our God and somehow we know that He was very pleased with this simple act of worship on the part of Ahmad.

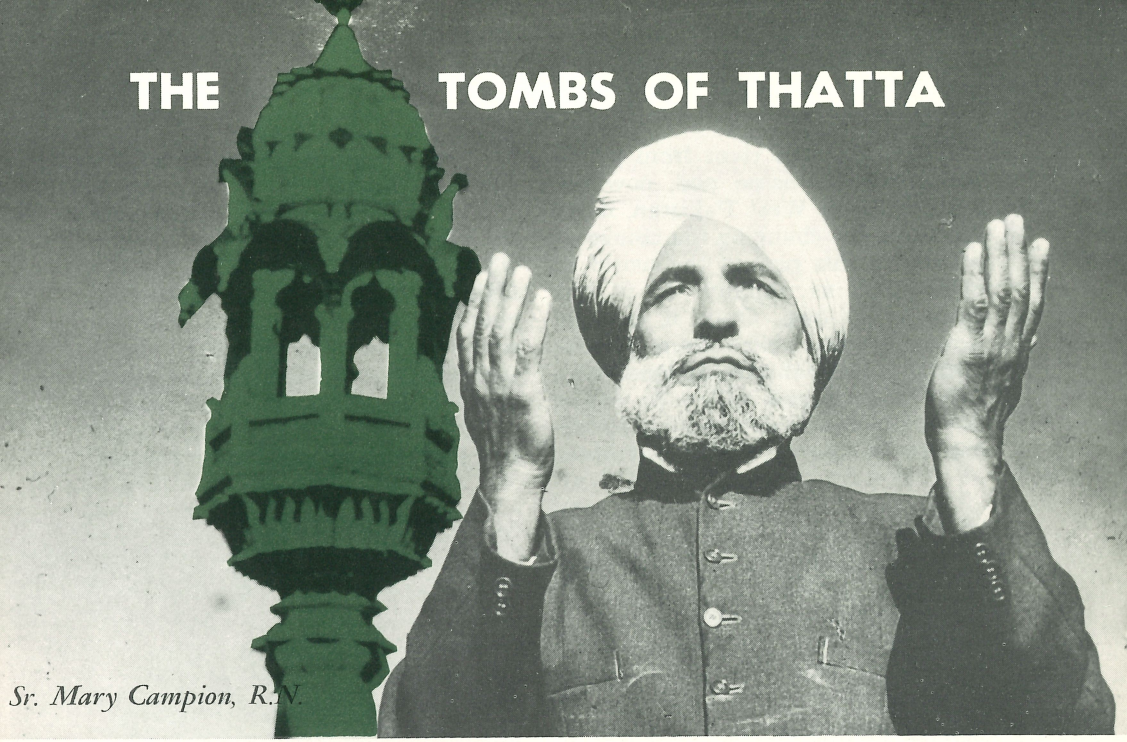
YOUR WILL . . .

can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick and suffering of mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

"I hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of $.....for its purposes."

If you have already made your will, it is not necessary to make a new one. It is sufficient that a codicil be added, using the above.

THE TOMBS OF THATTA



Sr. Mary Campion, R.N.

ONE day we took a holiday from Karachi and the daily hospital routine. Yes, even Medical Missionaries take a holiday sometimes! We set off early in the morning in a borrowed station wagon, eight of us. We wended our way through the fascinating streets where life seems to be lived on the sidewalks. (Karachi is so crowded that for many this is the only home they know) and made for our destination to a small town, Thatta, about 70 miles distant, on the fringe of the Sindhi Desert.

When we at last managed to escape the busy city, the bleached hot sands of the beginning of the desert met us. We saw the Sindhi farmers with their flocks of goats and herds of camel, their encampments of tents and their brightly dressed women and children, scraping a meagre living off the barren soil. Just so must Abraham, Isaac and Jacob have once lived.

It was nearly mid-day when we reached our destination and we saw ahead on the horizon of flat sands the domes and minarets of Thatta. As we came closer we saw what almost resembled a ghost town. The Pakistanis call a cemetery a "Land of Tombs" and these tombs built by famous men for themselves and for their families are lovely buildings, the best that art and money and a lifetime of planning could produce. This "Land of Tombs" is two miles this side of Thatta, and was almost deserted, with only a forgotten old snake charmer and a few little boys playing among the stones to greet us.

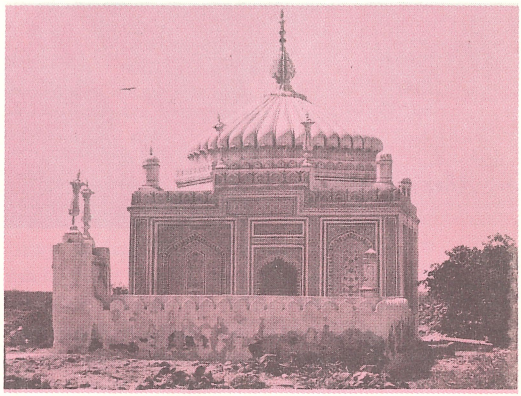
THATTA! This is the name of a town that has seen the rise and fall of many dynasties. It was once a city as teeming with life and color as Karachi is today, once renowned for learning and a center of commerce with caravans coming from as far away as China and Egypt.

The Indus, the river from which India took its name and, now the main river in West Pakistan, is responsible for changing the course of history in this part of the world as often and as rapidly as it has changed its own. Once it used to flow only two miles from Thatta, and Alexander the Great must have paid a visit there when he sailed down the Indus establishing fortifications on the way. The Scythians and Parthians must have sailed past there too, and Arabs from the Nile, bringing with them the tenets of Islam and building the first mosques. In the 16th and 17th centuries Akhbar, greatest of Moghul Emperors added Thatta to the long list of his possessions and later Shah Jahan built the beautiful Jami Masjid at Thatta. This is the loveliest of Thatta's mosques and was built in grateful memory of the hospitality shown him by the people of Thatta when he took refuge there as a prince. This was the same Shah Jahan who built the world famous Taj Mahal in Agra. Today, Thatta is a small place almost buried in the desert with only the mosques and the remains of its tombs to indicate its past glories and attract an occasional tourist.

The first Tombs we entered were the Mackli monuments, the oldest of which dates back to 1410, but the main tombs are those of the Moghul governors of the town. One could describe all the different tombs but it would begin to sound like a guide book. Most of them have vaulted domes, arches and porches, gateways and glazed stonework, in rich colors, blue, white, and brick-red dominating, with inscriptions from the Koran in such minute designs in stone that they looked like lace. Muslim art is certainly simple and lovely, but of the earth—erected by men who wish the glory of their achievements to live after them, leaving poetry in stone, crumble and decay beneath the desert sun. One group of the tombs especially interesting was the Zanana (purdah) graveyard. Here the ladies of the ruling household were buried inside an enclosure, supposedly so, that the strict seclusion of women should be maintained even after death. This tomb is the only one of its kind in Pakistan.

After lunch we visited a small

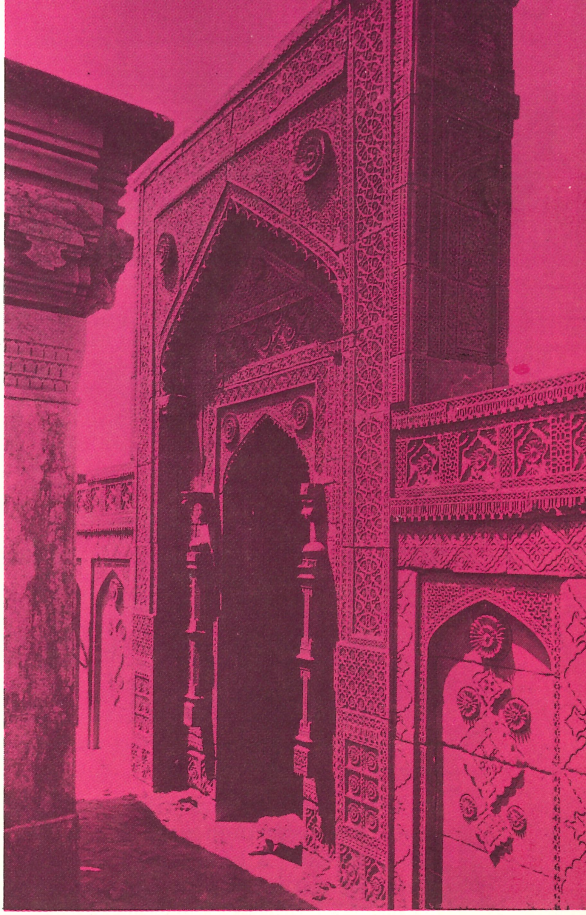
The snake-charmers in action. The Sisters at a safe distance.



Tomb of Shah Turab Thatta, W. Pakistan.

farm nearby, then made for the River Indus which was now only seven miles away. What a road! Dust, dust, dust! It did not take us long to realize that this way was never meant to be travelled by the modern automobile. The wheels of the heavy jeep station wagon dug deep into the sand and we wondered if we had been wise. However, after a half hour of eating that desert sand, we began to see the tops of

Sindhi women doing tribal dance on the river banks.



Entrance to Mir Khan's Zenana Tomb, Thatta.

the fishing boats and we knew there was no turning back then.

The banks of the river were thronged with men, women and children in festive clothing. We had arrived at the river just when the whole village was celebrating the last day of a three-day wedding feast! In the middle of the crowd, the drums were vibrating their messages, the bracelets and anklets of the women stamping in time to them, hands gracefully moving, fingers clicking, eyes cast down, skirts and veils flying, and a small circle of women were in the midst of a slow primitive dance. When they had finished, the picturesque men also stepped up to dance—the beat of the drums quickened and the pace of the dance became more lively. These men are wood-cutters who earn their livelihood by bringing wood down the Indus in their fishing-boat homes. At times of celebration such as these the people leave their boats to have festivities on the shore. These were simple people, happy to make friends and living the life of nature. We had come from the "Land of the Tombs" to the "Land of the Living".

We left the Indus reluctantly. However, we did not get very far! After about five minutes of driving our jeep got really stuck in the sand. Six Medical Mission Sisters and two guests got out and rolled up their sleeves, and digging into the sand tried to jack up the rear of the

car with whatever debris and wood we were able to find. But no matter what we did the back wheels of the car would only spin around and dig deeper into the sand. So we decided

Sr. M. Campion and Sr. M. Cajetan outside the Jami Masjid.

to send back to the river for help from the fishermen and to ask Our Lady to take a hand. Help soon arrived in the form of a car and once more we were on our way.

We could not leave Thatta without paying a short visit to the famous Jami Masjid, and so we went up a small back street and found the entrance, which is really not imposing. But once inside the Mosque it was a different story. We left our shoes outside in respect to the Moslem custom of taking their shoes off before going into a Mosque, and stepped into a huge, domed hallway completely lined in different shades of blue and white mosaic work in stone, with patterns of stars and circles all over. There was a sort of cloister up both sides and more domed arches and porches at the other end, all lined with the same intricate designs in the same colors. The center is completely open to the sky and the whole building about 300 by 200 feet. Here the prayers of the followers of Mohammed are offered five times in the day to Allah the All Merciful.

It was a wearied group of sightseers who put on their shoes and said good-bye to Thatta with mixed feelings. It had been a crowded day. Memories of proud decaying tombs futilely boasting of man's glory; the hard but simple lives of those who are trying to farm this barren land; the joyful celebrations of the river folk, and now at last this impact with the worship of Islam. All this would remain with us for a long time to come.

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Muslim woman with burka turned back. (Insert) A Pakistan nurse.

PROGRESS OF WOMEN IN PAKISTAN

Sr. M. Joanna

The birth of Pakistan on August 15, 1947, brought about the Emancipation of Women. Political revolutions in the East as well as in the West have always given great impetus to the recognition of women's rights and freedom. Looking back over the past ten years of independence, one notices that the women of Pakistan are moving forward, making decisive and positive attempts to play their rightful role in national life. Their progress is remarkable when one realizes the age-old tradition that surrounds them. In this man's world, it takes true courage and faith to stand up against strong exponents of social customs, such as wearing the characteristic burka, and keeping to strict *purdah* or seclusion. The degree of *purdah* observed, varies from city to city, from province to province, decreasing in the cities and increasing very much as it moves towards East Pakistan. The upper classes who receive a Western education consider it very unprogressive and campaign against it.

(Top left): Children, St. Joseph's School, Karachi. Primary education for girls is much in demand.

(Bottom left): Young Muslim girls on their way to college. Women's colleges now number twenty-six in Pakistan.

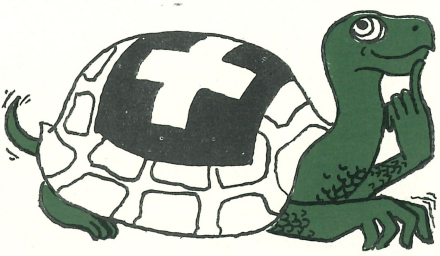
Nursing Staff of Holy Family Hospital, Karachi, on the roof of the hospital, present Mother Dengel, M.D., with a garland.

Nurses and Nursing facilities are urgently needed in Pakistan. Even if the number of nurses has multiplied five hundred per cent in the last ten years, the ratio is still only one nurse per 50,000 people as compared to one nurse for 374 persons in the United States. At present, Pakistan has 23 institutions, most of which are government, which grant facilities for the three-year course in nursing. Medical Mission Sisters conduct two of these in Rawalpindi and Dacca.

While teaching claims the highest percentage of professional women, medicine is a close second for Pakistani women and is the most highly paid career. A Pakistani woman following the medical profession would have been an unheard of thing in her grandmother's day. One thousand of the 7,500 Pakistani doctors are women.

Today, Pakistani women must find a new way of life for themselves in keeping with their independent national status. They are fully aware that they are living in a formative period of their national history, for on the decisions to today will depend the future of their sons and daughters, in short, of the nation.

Hospital Kitchen



Sr. M. Gonzaga

The kitchen? A daily mystery, and miracle, and a huge collection of fables and foibles,—all true stories. To begin with we cook on charcoal! The boys are wonderful. How they ever manage to get the fires started in the morning and breakfast and all the meals and teas ready on time will always be one of the wonders of the world to me. And yesterday there were over 600 meals!

But there are the funny things in the kitchen too. People are very good to us and bring us all sorts of packets. There was one lot of hundreds of little packets of yeast. Most of the boys do not read English, but the head cook, Joachim is Bengali and reads English well — at least, well enough to know that the yeast was out-dated. At first, he would not use it. Finally he did try, and I think he must have killed it with loving heat, for the rolls were like lead—literally. What to do? Here we were with all this yeast, obtainable only at a terrific price in the local markets. So one night I took some packets to recreation and spent the evening opening each and every one and dumping the yeast into an old cookie tin. The next day, I produced the tin of yeast—a gift from an American friend in Karachi. Joachim agreed to try it. That night the patients and Sisters had featherweight rolls for dinner. Every month or so, the same friend sent another tin and when all the packets are finished, I guess we will just have to send the good lady back to America.

The turtle is another story. Our fishing village friends came along one Sunday with a gift of a live turtle. It was all neatly done up in a burlap bag, with only the neck and head protruding, but what a neck! It weighed about 40 pounds! Then the problem arose. It seems, one should only have turtle soup for Christmas. August is a long ways off from Christmas and I just couldn't see keeping the "beast" for that length of time. Finally in desperation I said *I* would kill it. The boys

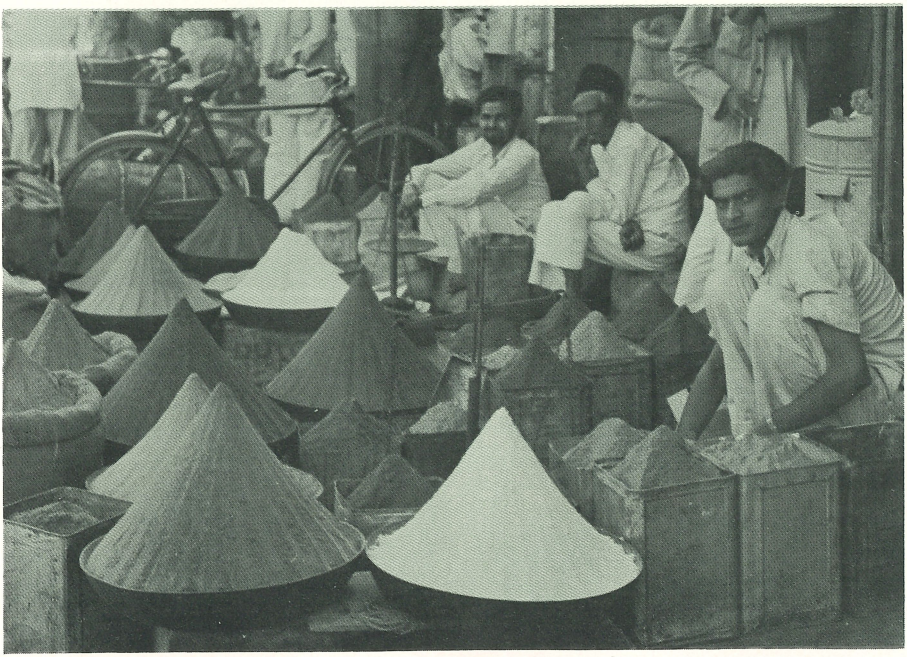
Food contractor with live chicken.

immediately arose to the occasion and killed and cleaned the animal (or is it a fish?) and we lived like kings on turtle soup for most of the week.

I wish you could be here in the mornings when the food arrives. Everything comes by donkey carts or horse-drawn buggy, and nothing is wrapped. The vegetables and fruits in baskets; the meat, freshly killed, open to the air and everything else! Dealers have no refrigeration, so you can be sure everything is fresh. The chickens come in a basket, carried on the head of a little old man. The milk comes in tin pails on a bicycle and delivered by a man on a bicycle. No pasteurization, so it comes twice a day after each milking and is boiled at once and refrigerated. Sometimes everything arrives about the same time, and the kitchen sounds like a tower of Babel. Everything has to be weighed and counted, and this takes time. The delivery men visit with each other, and I weigh, and count, and check, as fast as I can but they still have to wait. The chickens are the worst. We buy live-weight and they are so noisy, and they flap off the scale. After they are weighed, they are put in a corner until someone has time to kill and dress them. So from the moment they arrive until they are in the refrigerator, everyone in the hospital knows that the following day we will have chicken.

Once a month, Joachim and I inventory all the stock of rice, dahl, spices for curry, etc. and then off I go to the spice bazaar to buy what is needed. The spice bazaar is one of the most beautiful places to visit. All the spices are stacked up in beautiful colored pyramids in front of each shop.

Mounds of colored spices, Karachi bazaar.



The 10th

of Muharram

Sr. M. Joanna

NEW YORK may be famous the world over for its St. Patrick's Day parade, Montreal for its elaborate St. John the Baptist's floats, and Paris for its gay 14th of July, but Karachi enters the limelight with a day of mourning called *The 10th of MUHARRAM*. It commemorates the martyrdom of Hazrat Iman Hussain, the grandson of the Holy Prophet Mohammed. Although this anniversary is observed with great solemnity in all the Islamic countries of the world, it is mainly celebrated by the *Shias*, two of the many Moslem sects among Pakistan's seventy-nine million people. Everything remains closed for the day.

Each year in Karachi, thousands of men and women throng the streets, watching or joining the mourning parties carrying *Alams* (flags) and *Tazias* (temples on hand carts) throughout the crowded bazaars and the main thoroughfares of the city. The procession reaches a mile long and moves slowly towards the harbor where the *Tazias* are thrust into the sea. Sometimes, more than two hundred *Tazias* are exhibited along the way, but many escape the fatal plunge. For reasons of economy, they are wheeled back to their original shelters. Many of the processionists are dressed in black. Even the elegant ladies don a black silk sari to visit their friends.

The 10th of MUHARRAM is so called because the death of Iman Hussain took place on the 10th of the month of MUHARRAM, the Islamic calendar month for our September. The date was the 63rd year of the birth of Islam which corresponds to about 683 of our Christian era. Hussain is considered a hero in Islam. His name is associated with the tragedy of Karbala, a place of pilgrimage in Saudi, Arabia. He was slain by Yazid, an ambitious and false prophet who wanted to be worshipped as God. Along with 72 followers, Hussain was kept captive in the arid plains of Karbala and denied water for three days. This little band suffered the most excruciating tortures. Hussain was the last one to die. For him, there was no compromise on principles: "There is only but one God, Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet", even unto death.

As the Islamic calendar hinges upon the caprices of the moon, the first glimpse of the crescent spotted in the sky, officially introduces MUHARRAM. In the breathless, stiflingly hot night, we could hear the drum beating faster and louder as the procession approached.

From the prayer tower, the caller was broadcasting the Mersias which depicts the heroic struggles of Hussain and his followers. It seemed as if all the bazaars of Karachi had poured out at our gates. Each time a *Tazia* was in sight glittering like a city of light, we had the impression of witnessing a tale from the Arabian nights . . . on wheels. The wailing and moaning emerging from the crowds would quickly bring us to reality. This cacophony of sounds prolonged itself through the night.

United States

Motherhouse & Novitiate
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Houses of Studies
WASHINGTON, D. C.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Postulate
MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIF.
Clinics
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

India

Hospitals
PATNA
MANDAR
NEW DELHI
BOMBAY
KODARMA
BHARANANGANAM
THURUTHIPURAM
CHANGANACHERRY
Novitiates
POONA
KOTTAYAM

Pakistan

Hospitals
RAWALPINDI
KARACHI
DACCA
MYMENSINGH

Indonesia

Hospitals
SURAKARTA
MAKASSAR
PARE PARE
Novitiate
LAWANG

Holland

Pro-Provincialate
Novitiate
HEERLEN
House of Study
UTRECHT

South America

Hospitals
CARIPITO
MARACAIBO

Africa

Hospitals
BEREKUM
KOKOFU
TECHIMAN
WELKOM

England

Novitiate
SOUTH SHIELDS
House of Study
OSTERLEY

NEWS

--from our houses--

INDIA

Christmas in Thuruthipuram

Christmas in Thuruthipuram is a real "gift giving day", thanks to our numberless friends. The clothes that have so generously been donated are unpacked and gone over. All the babies born during the year in the hospital come for a party on Christmas Eve. In the meantime everybody is busy fixing a Christmas parcel for each poor child. Usually about 100 mothers show up with their babies. We have a crib set up in the entrance hall and our students sing Christmas carols in Malayalam. On Christmas morning we distribute milk to the poor. Any clothing we have for older children is also given out.

Sr. M. Stephanie

Beggars for Christ

"Mount Mary's Basilica in Bandra contains a statue of Our Lady which is the center of an intense devotion. Every year from September 8-15th there is a celebration and great crowds come from all over to pay their homage to the Blessed Mother. This year Sisters Goretti, Margaret and I came all the way from Poona to attend the celebration. While there we had permission to collect alms for our new novitiate. Although we were told we shouldn't expect much, we did fairly well, for which we are most grateful. One beggar from Poona who gets treated in our

dispensary and often sleeps at its doorstep came to me and asked, "well, Mother how are *you* doing?"

Sr. M. Henrietta

The Prayers of Children

"As soon as the Angelus bell rings in the evening, all the orphan children fold their hands and with eyes cast down pray. One night Sheila got up and said: "Sister, I didn't say God bless Sister-doctor Leonie." They have to implore God's blessing on everyone in Holy Family Hospital or else they can't sleep.

Sr. M. F. Antoinette, R.N.
Patna

Resurrection

When the little Santal lad returned home to Chakai after surgery at Holy Family Hospital, Patna, Father J. Morrison, S.J. asked him: "Did it hurt, Michael"? "No, Father," returned Michael, but they killed me first!"

PAKISTAN

Report from a New-comer

"Truly, I have never seen so many sick babies who are so deathly sick. Some of them are actually skin and bones with huge abdomens. Al-

His Excellency, Most Rev. John F. O'Hara, CSC., officiated at a Departure Ceremony for 25 Medical Mission Sisters at the Cathedral, Phila., Pa. Rev. Anthony Ostheimer (rt.) gave the sermon.

though the little ones don't understand English or my poor Urdu (the language of West Pakistan) they usually return a smile with their big black eyes. I wish you could have seen Asma yesterday on her first birthday all dressed up in a fancy blue dress that we had given her.

The families seem so appreciative of the care they receive, expressing it as best they can; the brushmaker who gave us three brushes after we have visited his ust, the fisherman who lends us his shack by the sea and yesterday a junior-sized visitor who presented me with a little piece of candy and "thank you, Sister Ji".

Sr. M. Robert, R.N.
Holy Family Hospital, Karachi

It's a Man's World?

It was a busy 72 hours at Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, West Pakistan when five sets of twins were born recently. Sister M. Gabriel (left) and Sister M. George wanted a picture of the babies with their mothers, but the husbands would not give permission for their wives to be photographed. The Sisters then asked the fathers to hold the babies for a picture, and that turned out to be a very popular suggestion. The birth of the five sets of twins born August 14-17 concurred with the celebration of Pakistan's tenth anniversary as a new nation.

SOUTH AMERICA

A Nurses' Charity

Susanna is one of the sweetest little patients we've had. She is 14 and paralyzed from her waist down having contracted polio when a child. While she was a patient with us she was preparing for her first Communion. We were going to give her a pretty little printed dress so that she would have a new dress for the big day. One of the nurses chanced to see it and said that it would never do. Susanna must have a white dress and one which reaches to the ground! That evening she went home and got her wedding trousseau from her trunk and made the little girl a long white dress. The next morning Susanna wore it and though she couldn't stand up, she was very proud of her long dress. When she was discharged from the hospital she took the dress home and I'm sure it will help to remind her of that great day.

Sr. M. Victoria, Our Lady of Coromoto Hospital, Maracaibo, Venz.

Have you ever eaten cactus?

"Sr. M. Carlos has been telling us how delicious cactus leaf tastes. Today she proved her point. After carefully removing the spines, she diced it rather fine and boiled it. While cooking, it smells like string beans. They taste very much alike too."

Sr. M. Mercedes, Holy Family Hospital, Caripito, Venz.

Kokofu Leprosy patients with Sr. M. John (left) and Sr. M. Patricia.

AFRICA

Charity Begins at Home

"We have a small section of the farm set apart for yams. They require a good deal of care and constant guarding. To guard them, we have two patients, who watch the area until dark. The farmers have decided if they dig a hole under each yam, the yams would grow bigger. Naturally in the process of digging they see the yam and then their mouths start to water and they can just taste how good it is. Well, the temptation was too much for one of the watchmen, but he was caught in the act. The other patients were ready to beat him, but Sr. M. John locked him in the office until the crowd had calmed down. To pacify the rest of the settlement, we called a meeting of the chief and elders and a trial was held. The outcome? The chief and elders begged us to forgive him this time as it was his first offense. These same patients were the ones who were ready to beat him. They just love excitement and palaver."

Sr. M. Patricia, R.N.,
Kokofu Leprosarium,
Ghana, Africa

EUROPE

Aboard the "New Amsterdam" en route to Europe

By this time it is routine for me to ask Sr. M. Monica, "what's that?" as a passenger speaks to Sister in Dutch or German. But as one passenger made a five-word remark to us, I was really humbled—and we are still laughing about it. To my routine question, "what's that?", Sr. M. Monica replied, — "that's your mother-tongue — English." The passenger was English, and had an accent which was beyond me.

It is a pity we are not traveling on an Italian ship in preparation for our forthcoming trip to Rome. Let me share my renewed confidence in our 35ø pocket-sized book titled: "Italian Through Pictures." A young college professor on board, on his way to Austria, says that these books are very good. He is using one titled, "German Through Pictures." This encourages me to study harder.

Sr. M. James

Rev. Martin McDonough and Mother M. Benedict, congratulate Dr. Michael Creamer (Phila., Pa.). Dr. Creamer left for Dacca, East Pakistan, to set up the dental clinic at Holy Family Hospital.

Church In Pakistan

Teresa Raymond
(Editor, "Catholic News Service of Pakistan")

THE Islamic Republic of Pakistan, is the realization of the dream of the Muslims of India for their own homeland; for a religious state in which, they could shape their lives according to the tenets of their creed.

Its acquisition was not easy. The Hindus fiercely denied the right of the Muslims to carve up the 'holy body of Mother India' (the two wings of Pakistan are a thousand miles apart) and the birth of Pakistan in August 1947 was accompanied by an aftermath in which thousands of Muslims died. With these facts of history always before their minds' eye, it is evident and natural that the whole trend of thought in Pakistan is to consider the non-Mus lim an outsider.

This attitude is especially easy to adopt with regard to the Christian minority who, in a population of 80 million, number less than 300,000. However, to picture the Church in Pakistan as a tiny beleaguered isle in a violently Islamic Sea is not a true picture. The Church is small and beleaguered; but through its works of mercy and education it has achieved a certain status out of all proportion to its size.

Education in Pakistan is the most sought-after commodity in the country. After hugging their ignorance for centuries in the belief that secular learning would destroy their Faith, the Muslims of India awoke to find that exclusive Koranic studies had resulted in keeping the community miserably poor and backward, and sometimes at the mercy of the well-educated Hindu. To remedy this situation, a few enlightened leaders founded the Muslim University of Aligarh. The experiment was successful beyond their wildest dreams for it is an incontrovertible axiom, that if there had been no Aligarh, there would have been no Pakistan.

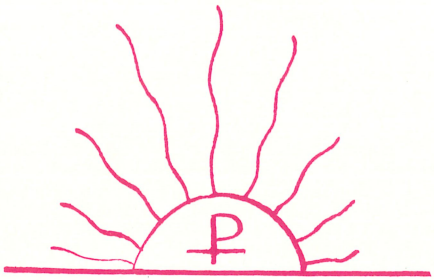
The realization of this fact has bitten deep into the Muslim consciousness and the desire for education (not for itself, but as the key to economic betterment) is unbounded. In the federal capital of Karachi, there is a school in every second street; most of them housed in ordinary flats and employing untrained teachers, yet able to charge high fees, the demand being so much greater than the supply. In this strange situation, the efficient Catholic schools by reason of their high standard are the most sought-after schools in the country.

Another work which is much appreciated are the Catholic hospitals. Three of the large towns of Pakistan—Karachi, Rawalpindi and Dacca — have Catholic hospitals fully equipped to deal with all forms of medical and surgical care. Then there are the small medical centers in the innumerable villages of Pakistan to which the poverty-stricken peasant treks from anything up to 100 miles carrying his sick on stringcots or in bullock carts.

The third work of mercy for which the Church has won favor is the distribution of American surplus food. When Pakistan came into being in 1947, its industrial potential

Pakistani Sisters of Christ the King in their house of training, Karachi. Some of these sisters are nurses.

was zero, but its agricultural surpluses were great. Nine years and three disastrous floods later, industries have multiplied beyond expectation, but the granaries of West Pakistan, and the rice bins of East Pakistan are empty. In the last fiscal year Pakistan spent 83 crores ($280,000,000) of much needed foreign exchange to buy food for its people. Into this vacuum the NCWC gifts of food, most of which is distributed through local parish Priests and Sisters brought into the public eye, the far-reaching charity of the Church.



We await a Saviour... the blessed hope and advent of the glory of the great God.
(Responsary)

Expectation is the theme of Advent.

It is the time of year
when the Church bids her children
to wait in hope,
in that blessed hope
of Christ's coming again
in the glory of the great God.

Expectation is the theme of Advent.

It is the time of year
when nature waits
for the turning of the day
from darkness to light,
while the sun runs his course
to the year's end,
and the year's rising again.

Expectation is the theme of Advent.

It is the time of year
when the world waits,
waits in darkness
for the coming of Light,
for that great Light
to shine a bright lamp
in our darkened rooms,
till the Dawn break
and the Daystar rises
in our hearts.

Sister M. Gerard

MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS, PHILADELPHIA 11, PA.

Dear Sisters:

Please send me literature about becoming a Medical Mission Sister. I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *Zone*..... *State*.....

medical mission world

Thais Push Health Work

Thailand has achieved notable progress in public health and control of mass diseases. Altogether, there are now more than 600 rural health centers all over Thailand. In establishing country-wide health services the Government of Thailand has been assisted by the UNICEF and WHO.

Two million people have been examined for yaws, and penicillin treatment given to 150,000. During 1956, half a million people were given BCG vaccination against TB while a campaign to diagnose and treat leprosy in northeastern Thailand proved highly successful and is to be extended to the whole country over the next three years.

The Asian Student
March 5, 1957

Hansen's Disease Symposium for Nurses

A three-day course for public health nurses was given at the National Leprosarium, Carville, La. at the end of October. The aim of the program was to give public health nurses a better knowledge of the etiology, symptoms and treatment of leprosy. It was stressed that the time has come to dispell the age old fear and social stigma attached to leprosy, as these factors incline patients to hide the fact that they are suffering from this disease. It was also brought out that if early treatment is begun and followed with sulfone drugs, process is very favorable. The present day treatment and care of the patients at Carville was presented and a short explanation of the work of the various departments was given.

Sr. John Marie, R.N., S.C.M.M.

Pakistan to Train More Physicians

Under a contract with U.S. International Cooperation Administration, Indiana University will send a medical team to Pakistan to assist the Government in setting up a Basic Medical Science Institute in Karachi, the capital City.

The project is designed to assist that country's physicians and to help them obtain advanced training. With a population of more than 81,000,000 there is only one physician for every 11,000 persons in Pakistan.

The Asian Student
Sept. 17, 1957

Medical Mission Institute, Padua

Seven doctors will be leaving in the near future to take up medical mission work in Africa. The doctors are members of the International University College for Medical Mission Aspirants located in Padua.

Missionary Crucifixes were presented to the group at a Departure Ceremony which took place within the Third Medical Mission Convention held recently in Padua.

Fides, Oct. 1957

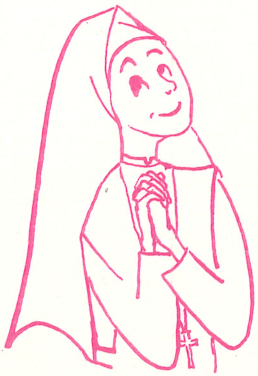
Holy Family Hospital, Karachi, W. Pakistan.

May They Rest In Peace

Please pray for our recently deceased benefactor and friends:

Most Rev. Marcos Sergio Godoy
Bishop of Zulia, Maracaibo, Venz.
(His Excellency died in our hospital in Maracaibo.)
Most Rev. Robert McGann, O.C.S.C.
Conyers, Georgia.
Rev. Angelus Muenzloher, S.D.S.
Nazianz, Wis.
Rev. Henry T. McFall, Philadelphia, Penna.
Rev. Henry Geibel, Connellsville, Penna.
Rev. Mother M. Kevin, O.S.F.
Brighton, Mass.

Mr. Nicholas Cossetti, Philadelphia, Penna.
Mr. Emile H. Du Beau, Elizabeth, N. J.
Mrs. Frank Hannon, Philadelphia, Penna.
Mr. Richard Kerwick, South Ozme, N. Y.
Mrs. John Neubert, Waterbury, Conn.
Mr. Ralph North, Hollis, N. Y.
Mr. Joseph Sauer, Hicksville, N. Y.
Mr. Joseph Siek, Bonners Ferry, Idaho.
Miss Kathryn Mahoney, Freeport, N. Y.
Mrs. George Weig, Buffalo, N. Y.



Pleasz...

PRACTICAL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR OUR MISSION HOSPITALS

KARACHI, Pakistan

Holy Family Hospital's babies here are asking for big things in their Christmas stockings.

Bassinettes — There are only 40 cribs for 70 babies.

30 needed ..... each $10.00

Baby conveyor (5-compartment) $180.00

Infant resuscitator $296.00

Rubber sheeting, 25 yds. ..... each yd. 50¢

TECHIMAN, Africa

A paper cutter $10.00

Old fashioned toaster (not electric)

Typewriter (second hand) $75.00

POONA NOVITIATE, India

Missals for novices and nurses. Paper bound will do.

THURUTHIPURAM, S. India

Vitamins, vitamins, vitamins for undernourished patients ..... 10,000 at 1¢ each

KODARMA, India

Holy Family Hospital, here in the Mica district is the newest and poorest of our missions. They really deserve many Christmas presents. Here is some of their list:

A set of instruments for major surgery for the Sister-surgeon. Has any doctor got one to give away?

Suture scissors — 4 pr. ..... each $4.00

Crucifixes for the hospital rooms, 8" size, each $1.00

Hot water bottles — one half dozen, each $1.50

Ice box thermometers, trays, blankets, pillows, etc., etc. Any amount welcome.

ALL OUR HOSPITALS

Rubber gloves ..... 1 doz. $9.00

Books — spiritual and biographical for Sisters and nurses.

thank you

MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dear Sisters:

Here is my gift $..... towards your mission needs in .....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *Zone* ..... *State* .....

THE Medical Mission Sisters extend to all their friends and benefactors heartfelt wishes for a HOLY and JOYFUL CHRISTMAS . . . and assure them of a remembrance at Midnight Mass, which according to custom, is offered for their benefactors.

SAINT JOHN 1:1-14

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was made nothing that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men; and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it.

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. This man came for a witness, to give testimony of the light, that all men might believe through him. He was not the light, but was to give testimony of the light.

That was the true light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, He gave them power to be made the sons of God: to them that believe in His name; who are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and we saw His glory, as it were the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.